



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

23494

28

WIDENER



HN P8UE V

EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS

THE REV. JAMES CALVERT

2/16 How reduced to 1/6  
85  
23494.28

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
OF NEW YORK

1918









# **AN ADDRESS**

TO

## **THE JEWISH NATION.**

---

"For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king ;  
he will save us."—Isaiah **xxiii. 22.**

"Who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory,  
and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the  
promises."—Romans **ix. 4.**

---

**BELFAST:**

**PRINTED BY JAMES WILSON, 70, HIGH-STREET.**

**1834.**



23494.28

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

AN  
EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS  
TO THE  
JEWISH NATION.

---

He's coming! He's coming! a voice from the throne  
Says "prepare Him a way," make his love advent known;  
"The signs of the times" grow more vivid and bright,  
Say, "watchman of Israel," oh! what of the night?  
The watchmen reply, "we have stood on our tower,  
And watched our post through the dark midnight hour,  
Now far in the east an aurora we trace,  
The morning light cometh, it cometh apace!"

JOSHUA MARSDEN.

---

OH! who that reads the wondrous, oft-told history  
Of thy deep wrongs, thy wanderings, and thy tears,  
That does not breath a wish (yet often fears)  
Further to trace the dark and awful mystery  
That yet involves thy fate? Unhappy race,  
Oh! how I long that you may soon find grace  
To turn with weeping eyes,  
And deep repentant sighs,  
To Him who still averts his awful face,  
In his most just and righteous wrath, away;  
Oh! when shall dawn that long-expected day,

A

Destined to see thee shine more glorious far,  
More bright, more radiant, than the morning star :

How have I seen thee scoff'd, insulted, wrong'd,  
The butt of ignorance and mirth unholy;  
And then I thought of all thy former glory,  
When to thy temple countless numbers throng'd,  
To worship at that sacred, awful shrine—  
The holy presence—thy great Lord and mine.

Back to that distant holy land I look,  
Where Eden first in pristine glory lay,  
Bright as the visions of celestial day,  
Ere man, seduced by sin, his God forsook.  
From thence I trace thy pedigree, and hail  
Thee, first of families; whose holy stock  
Hath long withstood, firm and unmoved, the shock  
Of time, and shall endure when time itself shall fail.

Yes; to that sunny clime, where first began  
To be reveal'd the history of man,  
I turn, with reverence turn, and long  
To tread that holy soil, and hear the song  
Of joy and gladness sounding o'er the dales,  
The hills, the mountains, and the fertile vales  
Of that fair land,—that loved—that holy place,  
Where first to fallen man Jehovah promised grace.

Thou favour'd land of Palestine, where all  
The mighty wonders of this earthly ball

Were wrought ; and heavenly mercy first  
 Reveal'd itself to man in human form,  
 And turn'd upon himself the deadly storm  
 Of wrath, which guilty man, accursed,  
 Upon his race had drawn by his own act  
 Of dire rebellion—reckless of his fate ;  
 But soon, by fell remorse and terror rack'd,  
 He saw, he knew, and felt it all too late.

From Ur of Chaldee, lo ! I hear a call  
 To one most highly favour'd, to depart  
 From his own kindred, family, and all  
 The ties that held dominion o'er his heart :  
 And with the call the power at once was given  
 The high behest with gladness to obey,  
 Triumphant faith forbade his longer stay,  
 Pointing, with steady hand, the road to heaven.

But far more high and glorious was the test  
 That his unwavering faith was called to bear.  
 Ah ! who the anguish of his soul can share,  
 When God himself forbade that he should spare  
 The darling idol whom he loved the best ?

Mysterious mandate ! Wondrous are thy ways,  
 Thou mighty God, “antient of endless days” !  
 What mortal eye can penetrate the veil—  
 What mortal hand open the fearful seal—  
 That hides impenetrably deep from view  
 Of sinful man, and wondering angels too,

The awful secrets of thy mighty mind,  
 Which, from eternity, lay there confined?  
 But now, by types and shadows, first began  
 To be reveal'd to lost and guilty man.

How vain the thought to guess if angels knew  
 What mighty wonders should ere long ensue,  
 Which, dimly shadow'd, darkly now reveal'd,  
 When the dread book of fate was first unseal'd;  
 And fallen man was raised to honours great,—  
 More high, more glorious, than his first estate.

Bright are the records of thy sacred fame,  
 Greatest of types! for ever stands thy name  
 Foremost in worth, and firmest in the field,—  
 Always a conqueror,—never seen to yield.  
 When the dread sentence swept across thy soul,  
 And waves of darkest billows o'er thee roll;  
 When all a father's love—a father's fears—  
 A father's yearnings—and a father's tears,—  
 In one deep gasping effort were repress'd,  
 And he whom thy fond doting heart loved best  
 By thine own hand was led to sacred ground,  
 While wondering angels gazed in silence round;—  
 Thy faith, unshrinking still and undismay'd,  
 Firmly Jehovah to the death obey'd.

Oh! who can paint the anguish of thy heart,  
 The weight of woe, the agonizing smart,

That on thee press'd in that dread solemn hour?  
 And would have crush'd thee soon, had not a power  
 Superior to thine own upheld thy frame,  
 And stamp'd thy character with deathless fame—  
 Fame lasting as eternity, and bright  
 As ever fell in radiance on our night,  
 From the high orbs of pure celestial light.  
 Never but once, since then, did angels see  
 A struggle so severe, but that, Gethsemane,  
 That dreadful conflict which took place in thee.

Thus is it ever—they who glory win  
 In this dark world of misery and sin,  
 Must pass through conflicts, deep, severe, and long—  
 Must bear unmurmuring, shame, reproach, and wrong—  
 Take up the cross, ready to part with all—  
 To hear, and prompt obey, Jehovah's call—  
 To go where'er He points without delay,  
 Though torrents roar, and thorns obstruct the way;  
 Like Abraham, offer up the dearest tie;  
 Bow to his will, and at his bidding die;  
 Whate'er we loved most fondly to resign,  
 "And know no other will great God but thine."

The conflict o'er, an angel stays his hand;  
 And, oh! how sweetly sounds the new command,—  
 "Slay not thy son, nor do him any harm:"  
 And soon the welcome words arrest his arm  
 That now was just descending to bestow  
 On his loved one the final deadly blow.

Thus sinful flesh escaped the fatal knife,  
Where since a sinless victim offer'd up his life.

O blinded Israel, wilt thou never see  
What here was meant to represent to thee?  
And laugh'st thou still the sacrifice to scorn,  
Nor hail'd the bright, the long-expected morn,  
When mercy first appear'd with smiling face,  
Then wept because thou spurn'd the offer'd grace?

Oh! now be wise. Repent with contrite sighs,  
And soñ that hand shall wipe thy weeping eyes;—  
Yes: that same hand which once in wrath and pride  
Thy fathers pierced, and in his life-blood died—  
That very victim, offer'd up for you,  
Shall triumph yet, and stubborn hearts subdue;  
Shall reign your Lord and King,—and to his sway  
Your nation soon shall bow, and all with joy obey.

Now see him clasp his loved one to his heart,  
Restored to life, and never more to part,  
But for a short, short space, and then  
To meet more bless'd in other worlds again.

And art thou sprung from such a holy root,  
Degenerate race? Where is the blessed fruit  
Should grow and flourish from this fruitful vine,  
Planted in holy ground by hands divine?

Now soon descended from this parent tree  
A goodly race—and bright their destiny.

How glorious was their privilege,—for long  
 They kept the living oracles of right and wrong.  
 Most highly favour'd,—for Jehovah's power  
 Kept them unmoved in each dark fearful hour.  
 Supported, strengthen'd, triumphing, they rose  
 Superior, by His might, o'er all their foes.

But see in bondage now thy race appear,—  
 The slaves of pride—victims of coward fear ;  
 Spending in toilsome tasks the irksome day—  
 Wasting in fruitless tears the night away ;  
 Till He, who hurls the tyrant from his throne,  
 Saw their deep wrongs, and heard their stifled groan,  
 Swore by himself to set the pris'ners free,  
 And stamp the oppressor's name with endless infamy !

See floating down the current of the Nile  
 A fragile bark of rushes ; and the while  
 A noble maiden on its border stands,  
 And dips into the swelling flood her hands,  
 To wash, and by ablutions thus to pay  
 Homage to some vain idol, *poets* say.

Wondering, she sees the curious basket glide,  
 And thus address'd a maiden by her side :—  
 “Behold, that ark amongst the rushes caught ;  
 It seems of curious texture finely wrought,  
 Go, quickly fetch it hither, till I see  
 What this same curious fashion'd ark may be.”



Eager the damsel hasted to obey,  
And from the flood soon bore the prize away.

Pensive the lovely princess then reclined,  
Wrapt in deep musings, of a loftier kind  
Than oft is apt to fix the vulgar mind :  
Of rites religious—what their end and aim—  
From *whom* proceeded, and from *whence* the came ?  
And why should she, with sense and wisdom graced,  
Bow down to stones, to water, and a beast ?  
How had *they* power to fix *her* destiny,  
She often ask'd ; and long'd to be set free  
From superstition's galling chain, and rise  
To claim her proper kindred with the skies :  
But closely pent within her sorrowing breast,  
Such thoughts as these were ever doom'd to rest ,  
For superstition's dark, unholy spell  
Had shed on all her race the night of hell ;  
But oft her anguish'd heart in secret sigh'd  
For clearer knowledge and a heavenly guide.

And now with eager haste the damsels all  
Press forward in obedience to her call,  
And at her feet with reverence laid the prize,  
Drawn from the Nile ; and then, with wond'ring eyes,  
Saw wrapt in many a fold of raiment lie  
A beauteous babe, and heard its piteous cry.  
Amazed the princess stood with folded hands,  
Thought of her tyrant father's harsh commands,

That doom'd to death with unrelenting hate,  
 Sway'd by the unholy minister of state,  
 The infant sons of a much injured race,  
 Whose cries had pierced Jehovah's dwelling-place ;  
 And He whose ways transcend all human thought  
 In the appointed time deliverance wrought ;  
 For though around his high and lofty throne,  
 Mysterious darkness veils his steps unknown,  
 Yet truth and righteousness for ever grace,  
 The deep recess of his own dwelling-place.

Now to her arms was brought the Hebrew boy,  
 Of a fond mother's throbbing heart the joy ;  
 Who felt such pangs of exquisite distress,  
 As parents only know—none else can guess,  
 When on the flood their infant boy was cast,  
 One parting kiss was given, perhaps the last,  
 And to the faithless waves their charge resign'd  
 In a frail bark—the sport of every wind.

But winds and waves alike may faithless prove,  
 And even a mother's most unchanging love ;  
 But who can tax the Omnipotence of change  
 Of his firm purpose in the mighty range  
 Of his vast doings, since the world began,  
 And mercy breathed on lost and guilty man?  
 Ah, no ! unchanging, fix'd, and ever sure,  
 The covenant of his love shall still endure,  
 While aught less stable soon must pass away,  
 As a light bubble, or a meteor's ray.

Now Pharaoh's daughter with compassion moved  
 Beheld the unconscious babe, and felt she loved  
 The helpless child, so destitute, so fair,  
 So wonderously cast upon her care;  
 And there she vow'd, that weal nor woe should part  
 The living cherub from her anxious heart;  
 Deeming a power unseen had sent him there,  
 In answer to her half unutter'd prayer,  
 To be the future guide of her dark way,  
 And cheer the gloom that o'er her pathway lay;  
 For oft the Hebrew's God to her had given,  
 Faint glimpses of a pure and holy heaven;  
 And bade her grovelling wishes upward soar,  
 To find the Deity she should adore.

Such are the steps by which Almighty power  
 Effects deliverance in the darkest hour.  
 Part of his wondrous ways we daily see,  
 And part are lost in awful mystery.  
 And thus "'twas written in that dreadful book,  
 In which not man nor angel dared to look,"  
 That, foster'd in the princely halls of state,  
 By that same tyrant whose deep jealous hate  
 Had caused the sorrowing parents to expose  
 Their darling child where Nile's proud water flows.  
 Even in the palace of that haughty king  
 Grew the fair plant, destined ere long to spring;  
 And in luxuriant foliage to expand  
 In deepest shadows o'er a guilty land.

Illustrious type of a more fruitful tree,  
 Well hast thou won the honours shower'd on thee.  
 In the first dawn of life was o'er thee spread,  
 Wrought by the hand of Pleasure, many a web,  
 To snare thy soul in folly, and to steal  
 Thy thoughts from off thy sorrowing country's weal;  
 But nobler feelings far to thee were given,  
 Their source, Jehovah, and their birth-place, heaven,  
 That raised thee high above all meaner things,  
 And bade thee scorn alike the smile and frown of kings.  
 Oh! long shall live the memory of thy choice,  
 That, turning from alluring Pleasure's voice,  
 Preferr'd the narrow path, though rough the way,  
 Ending in brightness at the realms of day,  
 To that broad, crowded, flowery road that ends  
 Where, measureless, Jehovah's curse descends;  
 And from thy breast mean, selfish thoughts were spurn'd,  
 While all the patriot in thy bosom burn'd,  
 And won the holy rod, whose potent spell  
 Triumph'd o'er all the mighty powers of hell,  
 And smote with plague on plague, whose writhing smart,  
 Harden'd still more the haughty tyrant's heart,  
 Till forced to yield to God's supreme decree,  
 Impell'd by an Almighty influence he,  
 With vain reluctance, set the people free.

But urged by furious passion yet to try  
 The unequal contest with the Lord most high,  
 He leads in lordly state his marshall'd host,  
 And soon o'ertakes, upon the rocky coast,

The timid herd who from his presence flee,  
 And lead him forward to his destiny;  
 While they in terror and amazement cry,—  
 “Could Egypt’s land for us no graves supply,  
 That we were brought to this lone place to die?”

But pledged the word of heaven’s almighty King,  
 That to the land of promise he would bring  
 His chosen people, in despite of all  
 That could to them in any case befall.

Now see descending in that pillar’d fire,  
 Jehovah, terrible in vengeful ire,  
 To hurl destruction on the hardy foe,  
 And send them to their kindred mates below.  
 Bright towards his people shines the living light,  
 While Egypt’s sons are wrapp’d in fearful night.

Now morning rose in splendour o’er the land,  
 And their high captain issued his command,  
 That o’er the sea the mystic rod should wave;  
 And straight the billows in convulsions heave,  
 Receding high on either side they stood—  
 A crystal wall form’d by the briny flood,  
 While in the midst a solid pathway lies,  
 Which they, astonish’d, view with wond’ring eyes,  
 And fearless tread with hasty steps the way,  
 That wondrous path that through the ocean lay.  
 Amazed the Egyptian king beheld them fly,  
 And put forth all his energies to try

The contest with the Hebrews and their God,  
 Forgetful of the wonders of his rod;  
 Urged on by maddening passion to pursue,  
 Along the new-made road his coursers flew  
 With frantic rage, and fill'd with deadly hate,  
 Rush'd on his destiny, and seal'd his fate;  
 For now the God whom madly he defied,  
 In native hardihood and hellish pride,  
 Frown'd through the cloudy pillar, and his look  
 Appall'd the tyrant, and with terror shook  
 The hosts of Pharaoh, in their power and might,  
 Who quail'd beneath the horror of the sight.  
 But seal'd their destiny—for ever seal'd,  
 In all its terrors now to be reveal'd.  
 Devoted to destruction, there they stood  
 Aghast with horror, while the rising flood  
 Swept o'er the guilty tyrant and his host,  
 And their dead bodies darken all the coast.  
 But safely landed on the wish'd for shore,  
 Israel shall see their dreaded foes no more.

Thus by a mighty hand and stretch'd out arm,  
 He brought them safe through danger and alarm;  
 And as their wonderous history we trace,  
 We see display'd his power, his love, his grace;  
 In every page it stands reveal'd so bright,  
 We seem encompass'd with ethereal light;  
 And feel that none but God himself could show  
 To us blind, erring mortals here below

Such wondrous things—beyond our feeble ken,  
 That not the greatest or most gifted men,  
 Untaught by his blest Spirit, e'er could see  
 To trace the unfathomable mystery  
 That veils from sinful man, by nature blind,  
 The awful secrets of his mighty mind.

Now, travelling through the wilderness of Sin,  
 With murmurings and rebellions they begin  
 Jehovah, their Redeemer, to provoke,  
 And spurn, ungrateful, his too easy yoke ;  
 Against their leader and their God complain,  
 And deem'd his promise and his oath were vain ;  
 With longing eyes to Egypt look'd again,  
 Unworthy of the name of free born men.  
 But Moses pray'd, and Israel mercy found,  
 While angels' food lay scatter'd all around,  
 And water from the barren rock was given—  
 Type of the spring of life that flows in heaven.

See Sinai's top involved in smoke and flame,  
 While peal on peal from mystic trumpet came ;  
 Such sounds as mortal ear had ne'er, till then,  
 Heard and still lived, and ne'er shall hear again,  
 Till time and earthly things have pass'd away,  
 And dawns the terrible, eventful day,  
 When fix'd unchangeably man's final state,  
 And they who sue for mercy sue too late.  
 What wonder that the hosts of Israel shook  
 With terror, nor could bear the angry look

Of him, whose frown could sink to endless woe  
 The first archangel when he turn'd his foe.  
 But mercy mingled with Jehovah's plan  
 In all his intercourse with guilty man,  
 And though in majesty he now descends,  
 He deals with rebels, not as foes but friends.

Behold a cloud encompass Sinai's hill,  
 Prepared in prompt obedience to his will  
 By angel hands, who on his steps attend,  
 And pleased, with grateful homage lowly bend  
 Before his sapphire footstool lifted high,  
 Supported by the armies of the sky.  
 But great, no mortal e'er can guess how great,  
 The majesty that fill'd that glowing seat,  
 As quivering flame on flame ascended high,  
 Essay'd to gain once more their native sky,  
 And clouds of smoke in deepening shades appear,  
 "That even mount Sinai greatly shook with fear."

But pure, as well as great, Jehovah's throne,  
 Fonded in truth and righteousness alone,  
 And though he deigns to mortals to unfold  
 Part of his ways, yet much remains untold;  
 And they who seek to look with prying gaze,  
 And fathom all the secrets of his ways,  
 Shall find a check, in *love* or *anger* sent,  
 As soon shall make them glad to rest content  
 With *what* he pleases to reveal, and *when*,  
 And *how*; but still his "secret is with men"



Who love, and fear, and reverence his name ;  
 Their lives all pure, their hearts a glowing flame  
 Of holy love, and holy joy, and praise,  
 Devoted to his cause—delighting in his ways.

Such Moses was,—and while the fearful crowd  
 With terror heard the voice of God aloud,  
 He, favour'd with a clearer vision, saw  
 Unutterable things, and heard the law  
 Deliver'd from the mouth of truth divine ;  
 And, lo ! reflected, see with glory shine  
 His countenance, that beams with heaven's own light,  
 So radiant, so divine, so glorious, bright,  
 That base, degenerate Israel could not bear  
 To see the effulgent beams reflected there,  
 But pray'd him o'er his face to cast a veil,  
 And from their view such glories to conceal.

Full forty days and nights had Moses spent  
 Within the precincts of that sable tent,  
 And on the mountain's hallow'd top communed,  
 While living fires the wondrous scene illumed,  
 Familiar with his God as man with man,  
 And thus in part the mystic converse ran :—

I am the Lord thy God, supremely great,  
 The first in power, in glory, and in state.  
 Presume not to invoke an idol name ;  
 For, jealous of my right, I put to shame

All who before an idol vain shall bend,  
For none can with the Omnipotent contend.

But mercy infinite shall ever bless  
All who, with humble reverence, confess  
My name, and walk in my commandments pure,—  
Such shall be happy long as I endure;  
My covenant firm and lasting I will make,  
Nor e'er desert them for my mercy sake.

Thou shalt not lightly take my name in vain,  
Nor dare my holy Sabbath to profane.  
Thy lawful business mind—six days are thine,  
But let no worldly thought intrude on mine;  
For doubly hallow'd is that sacred day,  
And blest beyond compare or thought are they,  
Who hear my mandate and with joy obey.  
Thy parents honour, and with reverence hear  
What they enjoin—fulfill with modest fear;  
And long shall flourish in a fruitful land,  
The son who prompt obeys this just command.

Harm not thy neighbour with deceitful wiles,  
Nor lure him to his ruin with thy smiles.  
And blood for blood for ever I demand,  
And he who madly lifts his ruthless hand,  
And takes away the life he cannot give,  
Shall forfeit what he takes and cease to live.  
Nor let the evil heart in secret sigh

For aught thy neighbour has ; nor let thine eye  
In malice or in guile his goods espy.

But man is frail, nor by his utmost skill,  
Can he with perfect heart my law fulfill ;  
But the deep mystery of my ritual hear,  
And, trembling, stand with reverence and with fear,  
While I appoint that form of worship now,  
To which all Israel must in reverence bow.  
Then form on form, and rite on rite was given  
To guide the wanderers to a future heaven ;  
But costly sacrifice and bloody rite,  
Though all things rare and costly should unite,  
Alike were trifling, empty, worthless, mean ;—  
Though hecatombs, with blood his altar stain,  
All worthless, all, and vain, nor could atone.  
One only sacrifice, and one alone,  
Was worthy to be offer'd at his shrine,  
And that great sacrifice was all divine.  
But types and shadows *now* must point to this.  
For future ages was reserved the bliss  
Of a more glorious day—a brighter star,  
“Long seen by Hebrew prophets from afar,”  
When, rapt in visions, high their raptures rose,  
They sung the immortal dawn that ne'er shall close  
In night, till earth once more shall be  
Fit dwelling-place again, O Lord, for thee.

Oh! who can tell the rapture Moses felt,  
When low before Jehovah's throne he knelt,

And breath'd the wish his glory to behold,  
 And all the splendour of his face unfold—  
 When fell in whispers on his ravish'd ear  
 That name, in characters to man most dear,—  
 Merciful—gracious—pardoning every sin—  
 Oh! how the sounds with holy transport thrill  
 His soul, and fire still more his breast to see  
 The glorious presence—but it must not be,  
 His face no mortal eye can e'er endure,  
 Even great archangels holy, bright, and pure,  
 Must veil their faces, and with downcast eye,  
 Appear before such glorious majesty.

But condescending goodness stoop'd to give  
 All that frail mortal could behold and live;  
 With his own hand he deign'd to cover thee,  
 And hides what it were death for thee to see.  
 Thrice happy Moses; it was thine to gaze,  
 With thrilling rapture, on the effulgent blaze,  
 That stream'd in glory as his form withdrew,  
 Nor wither'd shrunk all blighted from the view.

But, hark! the sounds of revelry that rise  
 In peals of impious laughter to the skies,  
 While gold and costly gems lay scatter'd round,  
 And rites unholy blacken'd all the ground,—  
 While plunged in deepest guilt, the people trod  
 Some mystic measure round an idol god,  
 And in the presence of consuming fire,  
 Dared to provoke Jehovah's vengeful ire.

Moses, aghast, beholds the fearful scene,  
 And, self-devoted, rush'd at once between  
 The reddening flame, that now with deeper glow  
 Prepared to stream in vengeance on the foe,  
 While all unnerved with horror, from his hands  
 The tables, where the heaven-inscribed commands,  
 Wrote by the Lord himself, all shiver'd, fell,  
 And caused a moment's triumph even in hell.  
 But, oh! the trouble of his tortured breast,  
 That groan'd in anguish not to be suppress'd,  
 When he beheld Jehovah quick descend,  
 Who late had spoke with him as friend to friend,  
 Clad in his ire, a quick revenge to take,  
 And of his servant a new nation make.  
 But Moses, strong in faith, imploring lay,  
 And wept, and pray'd that he would turn away,  
 His righteous anger from a guilty race,  
 Nor make them utter outcasts from his grace;  
 And many a plea he urged, and not in vain,  
 For mercy smiled, and all was bright again.

Oh! who that ever trod in gloomiest night,  
 This tangled wilderness of moral blight,  
 Nor felt the sickening fume that round them throw,  
 Doubt and disgust on all the scene below,  
 Which o'er his sadden'd heart in shadows hung,  
 And to his breast with chilling influence clung,  
 Fly like the tempest-driven clouds away,  
 When grace descends with power, and sinners pray.

Once more the people pray—once more they vow,  
 Never before an idol vain to bow—  
 And God was reconciled! but well he knew,  
 How prone their hearts such homage to renew;  
 And rite on rite He multiplied to fix  
 Their wayward minds, nor suffer'd them to mix  
 With those devoted nations whose dark hour  
 Of final doom was near, while o'er them lower  
 A deadly storm of wrath, which soon should burst  
 In seven-fold fury on their heads accursed;  
 For mercy long had strove, and strove in vain,  
 With guilty man, his worthless heart to gain;  
 But vile, and yet more vile the nations grew,  
 Planning fresh sins—so strange, so gross, so new,  
 So impious, so profane, that God withdrew  
 His Spirit; and for ever pass'd away,  
 In deepest shades, the last sad parting ray  
 Of mercy, and thus closed their gracious day.

But many a struggle, many a well fought field  
 Was won and lost ere Amalec would yield.  
 And Moab's king by gold prepared to sway  
 A recreant prophet, who would fain obey  
 The royal mandate, and for paltry gain,  
 For ever fix'd indelibly the stain  
 Of deepest guilt on his unhallow'd name.  
 But when his quivering lips to curse essay'd,  
 And strange convulsions o'er his features play'd;  
 His frantic look the troubled thoughts express'd,  
 That heaved in agony within his breast,

While in the troubled air his arms he toss'd,  
 And seem'd in strange, thick-coming fancies lost,  
 While hills and valleys with deep echo rung,  
 As all inspired the unholy prophet sung,—

From the top of the rocks in bright vision I see,  
 O Israel, the glory that soon shall be thine :  
 No arts nor enchantments shall prevail against thee,  
 Though nations to crush thee in myriads combine.

Alone thou shalt dwell, and the nations must bow  
 To the might and the power that around thee are shed ;  
 For a glory unearthly o'ershadows thee now,  
 And darkness and night from thy presence have fled.

Oh! happy the life, and thrice happy the death  
 Of the righteous, when, wrapt in bright visions of bliss,  
 He passes in triumph to heaven from earth,—  
 Let me die—let me die with a rapture like this.

For pledged is the oath of Jehovah, thy Lord,  
 And firm as the pillars of heaven it stands ;  
 Unchangeably fix'd in his council and word,  
 Who, who shall arrest or oppose his commands ?

As a lion in strength shalt thou spring on the foe,  
 And havoc and death shall be scatter'd around ;  
 And the slain shall be many where'er thou shalt go,  
 While the blood of thine enemies deluge the ground.

Thus Balaam sung, while Balac trembling stands,  
 And clasp'd in fever'd agony his hands;  
 But, still determined all his arts to try,  
 He led him to a mountain towering high,  
 And from the top of Peor stood looking on  
 The hosts encamp'd now near to Jeshimon,  
 While other altars rose, fresh victims bled,  
 And round them reign'd the silence of the dead:  
 Full in his view the Hebrew tents appear,  
 While gloomy terror, fell remorse, and fear,  
 With wild disorder in his bosom wrought,  
 And raised to agony the labouring thought;  
 At length o'erpower'd, entranced, he prostrate lay,  
 And quick descending on his visual ray  
 (In the dim vista of far distant time)  
 Visions so bright, so glorious, so sublime,  
 That o'er his trembling frame a transport stole,  
 So strange, so new, that now his willing soul  
 Yielded to mightier influence, while he sung  
 In strains almost divine, and from his tongue  
 Such mystic words of heavenly import flow,  
 That highest saints above and fiends below  
 Cluster'd around the wondrous song to hear;  
 And hell through all her caverns shook with fear,  
 While thus in heavenly lays the song began,  
 Replete with wondrous love to guilty man:



I see from afar  
 A bright glowing star,  
 That dawns on the world with a radiance divine :  
 So bright are its beams,  
 With such glory it streams,  
 That the shadows of death with its lustre shall shine.

Out of Jacob it springs,  
 From a long line of kings,  
 But higher its source, and more holy its claim :  
 It shone on the dawn  
 Of creation's first morn,  
 And was worshipp'd in heaven by a mystical name.

A sceptre shall rise,  
 Now sway'd in the skies,  
 'Tis wielded by one who wears on his brow  
 This bright glowing star ;  
 And I see from afar,  
 To this star and this sceptre all nations must bow.

He shall smite—he shall smite,  
 In the power of his might,  
 The foes of his people, and none shall prevail ;  
 And Moab shall fall,  
 And Edom, and all—,  
 His promise is pledged and never can fail.

How goodly and fair,  
 How beauteous and rare,  
 Thy dwellings, O Jacob, that rise on my view!  
 Like the valleys that lie  
 Where a bright sunny sky  
 Distill on their verdure the glittering dew.

Like the rarest of trees,  
 That waves in the breeze,  
 And planted beside a soft flowing stream;  
 Thy seed shall take root,  
 Thy branches shall shoot,  
 And bask in the warmth of a heavenly beam.

And blest shalt thou be,  
 For with rapture I see  
 The dark distant years unfold to my view;  
 And with trembling amaze,  
 I adore while I gaze,  
 And vainly I sigh to be number'd with you.

For valley and hill  
 Shall break forth and sing,  
 When thy Prince, the Messiah in triumph appears;  
 And devils shall fly  
 At the glance of his eye,  
 To hide in the region of horror their fears.

And where is the foe,  
 Above or below,  
 In earth or in hell, that before him can stand;  
 His breath shall consume  
 All they who presume,  
 In malice or pride to dispute his command.

But from my dim eye,  
 The visions now fly,  
 And the coldness of death hath crept over my frame;  
 I go to my place,  
 But the angel of grace,  
 From the fair book of life hath blotted my name.

Oh! lost, for ever lost! where canst thou fly  
 To shun the presence of that piercing eye,  
 Which earth and heaven surveys? Where canst thou stray  
 To hide thee from his scrutiny? What way  
 Is open for thy hapless feet to tread,  
 But leads to where the lost unhappy dead,  
 Await, in fearful agony, their doom;  
 While wrapt in deepest horror, o'er their tomb,  
 Clad in his deadliest hue sits fell despair,  
 And breathes around in seven-fold terror there?  
 Oh! hadst thou turn'd with contrite heart to heaven,  
 And sought with humble prayer to be forgiven,  
 Sure God in mercy would thy sins forgive,  
 And bid the humble, contrite, sinner live.  
 But gold—accursed gold—beloved, caress'd,  
 Still firmly held its empire in thy breast,

Full in thy view the glittering idol stands,  
 And, sworn to win thee, holds in both his hands  
 A nameless sum, and bids thee count the gain;  
 Asks for thy homage—doth he ask in vain?  
 Ah no, thy choice is made, the gold is thine;  
 Great God! forbid thy choice should e'er be mine!

Oh! could we see the unholy prophet now,  
 The scorpions twisted on his blasted brow;  
 The gnawing worm—the deep, envenom'd dart,  
 That prey and rancle in his anguish'd heart;  
 Say, who would wish to tread the path he trod,  
 And make of paltry gold an idol god?

Israel again rebels, and Moses prays,  
 And righteous vengeance in its progress stays;  
 And many a time they sinn'd, but mercy still  
 Determined all its purpose to fulfill,  
 Unchanging and unchanged shall still remain,  
 Through time and through eternity the same;  
 Their foes confounded, all their battles fought,  
 In each extremity deliverance wrought;  
 Till distant nations trembled at their name,  
 And wide was spread their triumph and their fame.

Priests, prophets, kings in quick succession rise,  
 As time on swiftest wings exulting flies;  
 Unfolding, as he speeds, wonders of grace,  
 Devised in heaven, and lavish'd on our race.

But sins on sins at length on Israel drew  
 Judgments severe ; for holy, wise, and true,  
 Righteous and just, O Lord, are all thy ways,  
 " Above our knowledge—far above our praise ;"  
 For though he suffers long, his justice shines  
 Bright and untarnish'd ; and the monstrous crimes  
 Of guilty Israel rose before his throne,  
 Calling for vengeance : nor could now atone  
 The costly sacrifice : polluted, vain,  
 Their holiest rites were all declared profane,  
 And spotted o'er with sins of foulest stain.

But much-enduring mercy pitying stands,  
 And prays them to return with lifted hands :  
 And long she pray'd, and long she woo'd in vain—  
 Tried every argument—urged every claim ;  
 Prophets were sent, commission'd from above—  
 Heralds of grace, and messengers of love—  
 Pleading their maker's cause with glowing zeal,  
 Their own salvation and their country's weal.

But one, distinguish'd high above the rest,  
 With purer eye and clearer vision blest,  
 Saw the full glory of the latter day,  
 While his wrapt soul in triumph soar'd away  
 On wings ethereal, till his lofty flight  
 Swept o'er the plains of uncreated light.

Within the temple's sacred precincts he  
 Saw the full vision of the Deity,

And heard the heavenly chorus swelling high,  
 Responded by the armies of the sky,  
 While holy ! holy ! holy ! Lord, they cry ;  
 The heaven, and heaven of heavens are full of thee ;  
 Thy presence fills the vast immensity  
 Of boundless space ; all creatures own thy sway,  
 And worlds unnumber'd thy just laws obey.

Above the seraphim, and lifted high,  
 He sat enthroned in glorious majesty,  
 While in his train a shining throng appear,  
 With deep-felt rapture, and with holy fear,  
 Shading their faces with their brilliant wings,  
 Unable to behold the King of kings.  
 Can angels pay such homage, and shall we  
 No beauties in our great creator see ?  
 Can angels worship with such pure delight,  
 And shall *we* feel no rapture at the sight ?

Not so Isaiah ; he, with holy awe  
 And holy fear the glorious vision saw—  
 Confess'd himself undone, and mercy sought ;  
 When, from the sacred fire a seraph brought  
 A living coal, which on his lips he laid,  
 Then high his rapture rose—while thus he said,  
 Lo ! this hath touch'd thee, and the mystic fire  
 Has power to cleanse thy sins, illumine, inspire,  
 Renew'd, transform'd, entranced, the prophet lay,  
 And heard a voice from forth the altar say,

Who shall I send, and who for us will go,  
 The unwelcome messenger of wrath and woe  
 To guilty Israel?—say, who will abide  
 The fury of their vengeance, wrath, and pride,  
 And with unwavering constancy denounce  
 My purposed vengeance; and with truth pronounce  
 The message that I send?—Say, if there be  
 In mortal man such glowing love for me?  
 Quick beat Isaiah's heart with transport high,  
 And felt 'twas bliss extatic thus to die,  
 Forth from his lips the ready answer came,  
 That glow'd with fire intense of living flame—  
 If thou my gracious master, will employ  
 Thy unworthy servant, here, O Lord, am I,  
 Thy willing messenger; thy cause is mine,  
 And I devote myself for ever thine,  
 To be, to do, to suffer, as thou wilt,  
 And tell thy much-loved people all their guilt.

Oh! who that reads the sacred book inspired  
 But feels his heart with holy rapture fired;  
 Mercy so brightly shines in every line,  
 That all who read confess the book divine;  
 For Mercy, wondrous Mercy, there displays  
 Her ever lovely form in various ways,  
 To bring rebellious Israel back to God—  
 Now woo's with promises—then lifts the rod—  
 Tells of the glory of the latter day,  
 When all mankind shall own Jehovah's sway,—

Reveals the wonders of redeeming love,  
 Plann'd in the councils of the courts above ;  
 Then kindles into rapture at the view,  
 Exulting sweeps the hallow'd cords anew,  
 Prolongs the notes, and takes a loftier flight,  
 Till visions open on the enraptured sight,  
 That fill the soul with ever new delight.  
 He sung the babe of Bethlehem lowly laid  
 In humblest shed—no gorgeous robes array'd  
 The infant stranger ; nor in princely state  
 Did lords and nobles at his birth-place wait  
 To bid a welcome to the honour'd guest,  
 Who came to this low world to make them blest ;  
 And more, he saw with keen prophetic eye  
 How his own people doom'd that he should die,  
 A hideous death ! then rose upon his view  
 A brighter scene, and tuned his harp anew  
 To higher tones and more harmonious lays,  
 Lost in a labyrinth of love and praise.  
 He saw him conquer death, and sin, and hell,  
 While at his feet the powers of darkness fell  
 Confounded and enraged—then trembling own  
 That he should reign triumphant Lord alone,  
 When earth shall flourish with a verdure new,  
 Bearing such flowers as Eden never knew ;  
 With brilliant hues and fadeless colours drest,  
 It seems fit dwelling-place for spirits blest,  
 When hills and valleys, echoing shall reply  
 In joyous tones of heavenly melody :



Angels themselves shall echo back the sound,  
 And love shall breathe in fragrance all around ;  
 Peace, smiling peace, presiding o'er the scene,  
 All shall be calm, delightful, and serene ;  
 No hostile weapon—no deceitful foe—  
 No murderous art this happy world shall know ;  
 Happy beyond the thought of man to guess,  
 For God himself shall take delight to bless  
 This glorious earth ; for it again shall be  
 The garden of the Lord to all eternity.

Thus sung Isaiah, but the blissful sound  
 Was lost, as water on the sandy ground,  
 Barren, unfruitful, Israel still remain,  
 Unheeding both the prophet and the strain.

Sometimes in plaintive strains and accents mild,  
 They told how Israel was a little child,  
 Cast out, abandon'd on the public way,  
 Where all exposed the helpless infant lay,  
 Naked, polluted, odious to the sight,  
 Scorch'd by the sun by day, and chill'd by night ;  
 It knew no mother's love, no father's care,  
 Nor rose on its behalf one holy prayer—  
 Abandon'd in the day that thou wast born,  
 Bearing in lowliest plight the stranger's scorn ;  
 None cared for thy distress, and none would give  
 Thee any help, until I bade thee live—  
 I pass'd thee by, my mantle o'er thee threw,  
 I wash'd, I heal'd, I fashion'd thee anew—

In pitying love I press'd thee to my breast,  
 Swore by myself to make thee ever blest.  
 Thy hair in rich profusion fell around  
 Thy graceful shoulders, and with pearls was bound :  
 I clothed thee with a silk of richest dye,  
 So rich and beautiful that every eye  
 Admired thy loveliness, and stood to gaze,  
 And every tongue was lavish in thy praise ;  
 And precious ornaments and jewels rare—  
 All that was bright, and costly, and fair—  
 I gave thee freely, till in rich array,  
 Thy sparkling vestments rivall'd even the day ;  
 The spoil of nations in thy dress was seen,  
 And all who saw admired and hail'd thee queen ;  
 While choicest viands on thy board appear'd,  
 And all delicious fruits by nature rear'd ;  
 And wine, and oil, and milk, and honey flow'd  
 In rich abundance : freely I bestow'd  
 Whate'er could make thee beautiful or great,  
 Until in wealth, and power, and high estate  
 Exalted, thou didst stand ; and every tongue  
 The praises of thy wonderful beauty sung ;  
 And many a princely hall echo'd thy name,  
 While rival nations trembled at thy fame ;  
 And then I loved thee well, and thou wert mine,  
 And glow'd the mutual flame ; till all divine  
 Thy beauties seem'd, and I, thy Lord and King,  
 Upon thy finger placed the nuptial ring,  
 And swore my love should never pass from thee,  
 Through fleeting time or long eternity.

But oh ! ungrateful, how didst thou requite  
 Such passing love ?—say, had I not a right  
 To all thy tenderness ? should I not sway  
 Thy every thought ? and shouldst thou not obey  
 My slightest wish ? while in thy bosom's throne  
 'Twas mine to sit triumphant Lord alone.  
 But where thy virgin vows and plighted truth,  
 And all the promise of thy early youth,  
 That shone so brightly on the rising dawn  
 Of thy young life, and usher'd in the morn  
 That made thee mine, and blest thee with a name,  
 That angels think a privilege to claim ?  
 What friend seduced thee from my love to stray,  
 And in thy pride and folly cast away  
 All that my bounteous hand on thee bestow'd,  
 When my fond heart with tenderest love o'erflow'd ?  
 But thou art gone to offer at the shrine  
 Of other lovers, that which still is mine ;  
 For know, thou perjured and unblushing wife,  
 That all thou hast, and even thy very life  
 Are still at my disposal ; and I swear  
 That from my heart's affection I will tear  
 Thy image, and consign thy gods and thee  
 To vengeance just, and public infamy.  
 Go to thy chosen idols ; lowly bow  
 Before their altars ; breathe thy fickle vow ;  
 Thy offering bring, and deck them with the spoil  
 Of my most holy things ; then take my oil  
 And pour libations, till it overflows  
 The marble pavement of the floor below ;

And e'en my sons and daughters, too, must bleed,  
 Thy base, insatiate, ravenous gods to feed;  
 But horrible thy fate; my hand shall be  
 Heavy and ruthless on thy gods and thee.  
 Oh! my heart yearns for thee, bad as thou art;  
 What wilt thou do when I in wrath depart?  
 How canst thou bear thy punishment? Where fly  
 To screen thee from the terror of my eye?  
 When the dread day of recompense is near,  
 And thy rack'd bosom, agonized with fear,  
 Shall turn in vain for help to every side;  
 No friend to pity, no kind hand to guide  
 Thy wandering footsteps to a hiding-place,  
 For pass'd and vanish'd is the hour of grace.

But know that yet again the hour may come,  
 When I will guide thy erring footsteps home;  
 But distant far, and long the time shall be,  
 When I will turn in love and peace to thee;  
 Yet come it will, and thou once more shalt shine  
 With lustre far more glorious and divine,  
 Than shone around thee in thy happiest hours,  
 Of ever beam'd in Eden's golden bowers;  
 And all my anger and thy guilt shall be  
 For ever blotted from my memory;  
 And I once more will clasp thee to my breast,  
 And I will love thee, and thou shalt be blest.

Thus sang Ezekial, and his plaintive strain  
 Israel attentive heard, but heard in vain;

Call'd it a lovely song—harmonious lay—  
 Dryly approved, but went unmoved away :  
 Sat with the semblance of well-feign'd devotion,  
 But thought it very odd, and a strange notion,  
 That God would cast them off when he  
 Had made made such promises—it could not be !  
 Beside, they were so weary of his ways,  
 Themselves alone they were resolved to please,  
 And to the queen of heaven an offering make  
 With all solemnity ; and they would bake,  
 In honour of her majesty, a cake.  
 Drink offerings, too, and incense we will bring—  
 So did our fathers, princes, and our king ;  
 For when we worshipp'd her all things went well,  
 But when our offerings ceased what then befel ?  
 Famine and sword consumed us and our men—  
 So we are turn'd to worship her again.

Thus impious and deluded Israel spoke ;  
 Scoff'd at the Prophet's threats ; but now the stroke,  
 Long threaten'd and long scorn'd, descending, fell  
 In woes unnumber'd and unspeakable.

See the once favour'd people captive led  
 To Babylon's proud walls, with drooping head ;  
 Beside the flowing stream with harps unstrung,  
 Which they on bending willows silent hung,  
 While taunting foes required in vain to hear  
 Songs of their native land ; but the big tear

That trembled in their moisten'd downcast eye  
 Told their deep sorrow, while they thus reply,—  
 No ; in a foreign land we cannot sing ;  
 Such sacred melody would instant bring  
 The sad remembrance of our lovely plains,  
 Our lofty hills, our ever fruitful vales,  
 Our rifled altars, and our ravish'd land—  
 We cannot—will not yield to this demand ;  
 For know, thou proud, insulting foe, that we  
 Are captives only by our God's decree ;  
 We sinn'd against him, and he gave us up,  
 Doom'd us even here to drink the bitter cup  
 Of woe and bitterness—and that 'tis he  
 Alone has wrought our ruin, and not thee :  
 O had we been obedient to his laws,  
 Firm and unwavering in his righteous cause,  
 Not all the force of Babylon's great power  
 Could overthrow the smallest, lowliest tower  
 That stood upon the wall of Zion's hill ;  
 But all his purpose he will yet fulfill.  
 Know, too, that soon again for us will break  
 The day, when fitting vengeance he will take  
 Upon our enemies ; and happy he  
 Who lives that coming glorious day to see,  
 But happier still are they who shall fulfill  
 His just revenge, and work his sovereign will.

Thus exiled Israel wept, and turn'd again  
 To seek the Lord ; nor did they seek in vain ;

For He was with them in captivity,  
 And wonders wrought in their extremity ;  
 For though he drove them to a foreign land,  
 He raised of gifted men a goodly band,  
 And foremost on the list see Daniel stand,  
 To whom the book of fate was opened wide,  
 And honours cluster'd round on every side ;  
 For when we humbly seek, in all our ways,  
 With lowly hearts the Lord our God to please,  
 'Tis his to make the veriest foe a friend,  
 And those who once oppress'd will then defend.  
 This Daniel felt, when in the courtly hall  
 Of royalty he dwelt, and heard the call  
 Of sensual Pleasure wooing him, in vain,  
 To bring defilement on his soul, or stain  
 The honour of his Maker's sacred name ;  
 But in a foreign land maintain'd his cause—  
 Respected—reverenced—loved—and *kept* his laws—  
 Preferr'd the simplest viands, coarsest fare,  
 To the rich banquet—costly wines, though rare,  
 And spread profusely on the tempting board,  
 No joy they gave to him—nor could afford  
 A moment's pleasure—higher, nobler far  
 The pure enjoyments of the Hebrew are—  
 The laws of God enjoin'd he should not eat  
 The all-polluted and forbidden meat,  
 And firmly he refused ; but not alone—  
 Three other Hebrews with the same high tone  
 Declared their fix'd, unchanged resolve, to be  
 From all defilement and pollution free.

And God approved their purpose, and decree'd  
 That he would save them in their utmost need ;  
 And soon the trial came that should decide  
 If for his sake they could unmoved abide  
 The fiery test ; but they who trust in him  
 Can brave each danger—fearing nought but sin.

Come to the plains of Dura, and behold,  
 Towering aloft a ponderous mass of gold—  
 A huge colossal image rear'd on high,  
 Object of wonder to the curious eye ;  
 See, o'er the extended vale what numbers throng ;  
 How dense the mass that sweep the plain along ;  
 What hurrying crowds in wild disorder move,  
 Impell'd by fear—sure not impell'd by love ;  
 Love is a holy passion, nor could dwell  
 With servile fear—that owns its birth-place hell ;  
 And those who worship idol gods could claim  
 No kindred feeling with such heavenly flame.

Forth went the mandate from the tyrant king,  
 That princes, rulers, governors, should bring  
 All people in the realm to worship there,  
 While peals of impious music rent the air.  
 Say, who, or what, are they who dare refuse  
 The imperial edict?—let them instant chuse  
 Between obedience instant—prompt and free—  
 For thus I swear by all my gods, that he  
 Who dares to disobey my fix'd decree



Shall meet a fearful death, and hottest fire,  
 Nor aught shall screen him from my vengeful ire.  
 So spoke the furious monarch,—instant all  
 The courtiers came, and summon'd at their call  
 A numerous company—who instant fall  
 Before the senseless idol, wallowing there  
 In grossest deadliest sin. But where, O where,  
 Are the three Hebrew youths—say are they here?  
 Have they too sinn'd, yielding to coward fear?  
 Ah, no! behold the Chaldeans drawing near,  
 With all-important faces to accuse,  
 And doom to instant death the noble Jews,  
 Who bravely dared the monarch to defy,  
 Choosing—intreating—any death to die,  
 Rather than worship at an idol shrine,  
 Or pay to senseless gods honours divine.  
 The indignant monarch ill could brook to hear,  
 That he, whose word was law, should now appear  
 Contemn'd and slighted by the captive Jews.  
 With furious look he bade them instant choose  
 The raging fire—or his command obey,  
 Swearing no other choice was left: but they,  
 Soaring above his malice, wrath, and pride,  
 Firm in their purpose, calmly thus reply'd:  
 Know, mighty king, that we *will not* obey  
 Thy unholy mandate—hear us, while we say,  
 That, great, and mighty, powerful as thou art,  
 We spurn thy edict, and will not depart  
 From our allegiance to our sovereign Lord,  
 Who will, if he see good, his help afford;

But not thy threaten'd vengeance—boasted power—  
 Though doom'd to death within this fated hour—  
 Shall force us e'en in *semblance* to comply.  
 This is our answer—any death we die,  
 Rather than basely our own God deny.

Oh ! who can paint the rage that then possess'd  
 The furious king—while, struggling in his breast,  
 All things unholy there for mastery tried :  
 But soon prevail'd his master passion—pride.  
 Oh ! who that saw the boiling passion rise,  
 And rage, and sparkle in his flaming eyes,  
 Or stood within the influence of his breath,  
 But felt he breathed the atmosphere of death.  
 Urgent and loud, he issued his command,  
 That men, the bravest, mightiest in the land,  
 Should instant make the fiery furnace glow  
 With seven-fold heat intense—then go  
 And bind in fetters strong, without delay,  
 The stubborn Jews, who had refused to pay  
 Homage to his vain god, or his command obey.

Oh ! what is man, when sensual and debased,  
 And all the image of his God defaced,  
 Rivaling in pride and malice him who fell  
 From the high realms of bliss to lowest hell ?  
 But *what is man* when love, almighty love, }  
 Dwells in his heart, and the soft heavenly dove  
 Broods o'er the chaos of his darken'd mind ?  
 O, then, renew'd, ennobled, and refined,

He starts into creation bright and new,  
 Unfolding and expanding to the view,  
 Graces so brilliant, that the dazzled sight  
 Turns, aching, from the too oppressive light.

Such were the Hebrew captives—firm they stood  
 Unawed by threat'nings, dauntless and unmoved,  
 Though blazing fires and raging fiends essay'd,  
 To shake their faith—triumphant, undismay'd,  
 Yielded their bodies to devouring flame,  
 Counting it joy to suffer for his name.

And God was with them in the trying hour,  
 Descending in the greatness of his power;  
 For though around them raged devouring fire,  
 And ruthless men and raging fiends conspire  
 To shake their constancy, his word prevail'd,  
 And all the powers of hell in vain assail'd.  
 He spake, and, lo! devouring fires became  
 Harmless, and shone around a lambent flame;  
 And He was there, whose presence can dispel  
 Sorrow and pain, and make a heaven of hell.  
 O, who would shun to bear the hallow'd cross,  
 Nor gladly, for his sake, count all things loss,  
 Earth and its pageants—or refuse to be  
 Devoted to the death, dear Lord, for thee;  
 For where thy presence is there must be bliss,  
 And Paradise were cursed if wanting this.

Say, tyrant king, where is thy boasted power?  
 Thy flames are impotent, nor can devour  
 The objects of thy wrath, nor will bereave  
 Of life the men whom God resolves to save.  
 Go worship at his footstool, and adore,  
 Nor bow before thy idol altars more.

Behold, the dreadful book wide open stand,  
 Where Daniel reads the fate of every land,  
 Of every country, and of every clime,  
 Of every age, to the remotest time;  
 What was, what is, and what is yet to be,  
 Till time is lost in dread eternity.

O stubborn race, when wilt thou read and see  
 The wondrous spell that binds thy destiny?  
 When shall the vision burst upon thy sight,—  
 The veil drop from thine eyes, and all be light?  
 Go, count the mystic numbers, and then say,  
 How long the seventy weeks have pass'd away,  
 Since thy long promised and anointed king  
 Should full salvation to his people bring;  
 Say, *why* was he “cut off?” or *how*? or *when*?  
 Resolve how that could be; and then  
 Ask, *was it so*? then say, for *what*? or *whom*?  
 Inquire with deepest reverence, and soon  
 Light shall descend; the shades flee fast away,  
 And springs to light thy long—long promised day.

Once more they journey to their native land :  
 Cyrus, the king, had issued his command ;  
 For God decreed it should be so, and they  
 With songs of triumph took once more their way  
 To their loved home; once more their temple stands,  
 The wonder and the praise of distant lands ;  
 Their faith is fix'd; no senseless idols now  
 Sees them with homage at their altars bow ;  
 Chasten'd and humbled, God in pity hears  
 Their contrite sighs, and wipes away their tears ;  
 Once more his arm is bared in their defence,  
 And wonders wrought by his omnipotence.  
 The Maccabees are raised, a patriot band,  
 Who nobly stand, the bulwarks of the land ;  
 And even frail women, when by him inspired,  
 Have felt their breasts with patriot ardour fired,—  
 Devote to death their sons—the honour share,  
 And with unshrinking fortitude could bear  
 Of pain and torture, all that hellish spite  
 Dared to inflict, when men and friends unite  
 To try their steadfastness—vain, very vain ;  
 The promise of Jehovah shall sustain,  
 And keep them constant, by his sovereign power ;  
 And this they proved ; for in the fiery hour,  
 They soar'd on eagles' wings, exulting high,  
 To join their proper kindred in the sky.

Time fled, and various nations rose and fell ;  
 How Israel suffer'd oft were long to tell :

Enough, 'tis written in the book of life,  
And noted there, the victory and the strife.

Dense darkness brooded o'er a guilty world,  
And wide the archfiend's banner waved unfurl'd ;  
Seated aloft on his infernal throne,  
He grasps the earth, and claims it for his own ;  
His altars blaze with most unhallow'd fire,  
And horrid rites, perform'd with frantic ire,  
Where human victims lie embrued with gore ;  
All hell resounds with joy, while men adore ;  
While priest and priestess echo back the sound,  
Heard from the centre of the dark profound.  
Dread superstition kept the world in awe,  
And oracles deliver'd Satan's law ;  
While wretched man debased, defiled, accurs'd—  
Forsaking God, in devils put their trust.

What says the history of our fallen world ?  
What are the secrets that its page unfold ?  
Does it in honour of our race impart  
Aught that can foster self, or pride of heart ?  
What were the boasted virtues of past times  
(Though varnish'd and drest out) but monstrous crimes !  
Fraud, murder, and duplicity, and worse,  
Bearing in hideous characters the curse  
Of fallen nature—without God or grace,  
Marching in pomp to its last dwelling-place.

What rapture fires the breast of youth and age,  
 Who read with interest the classic page  
 Of Greece and Rome—Oh ! how the heroes rise,  
 And swell to gods in man's deluded eyes :  
 But let the optic vision see aright,  
 Dismay'd we turn away, and loathe the sight.

Such was the world, no bright conducting ray  
 Appear'd to guide : the Jews had lost their way,  
 And all mankind alike had gone astray ;  
 The bright, angelic guardians of our race  
 Prepared to leave so lost, so cursed a place—  
 Plumed their bright wings to fly to heaven again—  
 Wept, (as they flutter'd,) o'er the fate of men.

But, oh ! what wonders can almighty love  
 Devise and perfect in his courts above !  
 Had He no power to rule the world below ?  
 Was He indifferent to the scene ? ah ! no.  
 Before creation dawn'd, he saw and knew  
 The whole from first to last—what he would do  
 Resolved —and perfected the mighty plan,  
 To rescue—save—make happy, guilty man.  
 Let blinded sinners cavill as they will,  
 He reigns supreme, and will ere long fulfill  
 All his great purpose, and the raptured soul  
 In other worlds shall learn and know the whole.

The night declined, and day began to dawn  
 On this lost world—that bright auspicious morn,

When heavenly messengers proclaim'd on earth  
 The tidings of our great Emmanuel's birth.  
 Earth has resounded with the glorious song,  
 And heaven for ever shall the theme prolong.

No worldly honours hover'd o'er his head—  
 No menials waited at his lowly bed ;  
 Yet brightest bands of seraphs humbly bow,  
 And light ethereal sparkles from his brow,  
 His star, too, shone more bright than any star,  
 "Long seen by Hebrew prophets from afar."  
 The eastern sages, wise of heart, believed  
 To them the mystic sign by God reveal'd ;  
 They travell'd deserts long and wild to see  
 This emanation of the deity,  
 For what are lengthen'd ways and deserts drear ?  
 The heart that loves aright disdains to fear.  
 Wonder, and love, and rapture met combined,  
 And heavenly wisdom all illumed their mind.

No wonder that the prince of darkness raged,  
 And all his hosts in earth and hell engaged  
 To war with fix'd, interminable hate,  
 And deadliest malice, that should not abate  
 Till victory be achieved—the palm be won,  
 And wreaths of glory crown the eternal Son.

Say, how did Israel meet this stranger guest ?  
 Did hope and love beat high in every breast ?



Did they, adoring, him with joy receive ?  
 Ah, no ! they did not—would not—could not believe ;  
 Their hearts were hard ; their eyes were blind ; and they  
 Rejected all his claims, and turn'd away,  
 Unbless'd unchanged, unfit to be forgiven,  
 Spurning the messenger who came from heaven  
 To give them life—intreating them to come,  
 Nor longer in the paths of death to roam.  
 Weary and rough the path he daily trod,  
 Beseeching fallen man to turn to God ;  
 Hunger, and cold, and poverty he choose,  
 Resolved to be partaker of the woes,  
 Sorrows, and sufferings of the human kind,  
 Man, perfect man, in body and in mind.  
 Oh ! who the wond'rous mystery can explain ?  
 We try to solve it, but we try in vain.  
 As well might our dull bodies seek to fly  
 With angel wings, and reach the lofty sky,  
 As our dull minds to fathom the profound,  
 Unfathomable sea—where angels would be drown'd.  
 Yet so it was, for God declared that he  
 Would come to earth, and condescend to be  
 United in our sinless destiny.  
 Why did he come ? Let answering Scripture say—  
 To be the light, the truth, the only way  
 That leads the sinner right—and if not trod—  
 That only way—we never come to God.

Humble he was, and in a lowly guise,  
 Nor mix'd he with the great, the learn'd, the wise;  
 Chose from amongst the lowest of our race  
 His dearest friends—partakers of his grace.  
 The weeping mourner heard his soothing voice,  
 Dispel her sorrows, bidding her rejoice;  
 Mercy and love shone in his radiant eye,  
 While pain and sickness at his bidding fly;  
 And when he will'd, even death could not bereave,  
 He called a buried Lazarus from his grave.

Unutterable love for man he felt,  
 While low before his father's throne he knelt,  
 Imploring pardon for a guilty race,  
 Unwearied, journeying oft from place to place,  
 Scattering his gifts around with bounteous hand,  
 Diffusing heavenly light throughout the land.  
 The blind, the lame, the sick, rejoiced to hear  
 His footsteps—for he wiped away the tear  
 That fell unpitied oft from misery's eye;  
 While, at his bidding, fiends in terror fly.  
 Divine instruction freely he bestow'd,  
 And heavenly wisdom from his utterance flow'd;  
 He comforted the weak, the fallen raised,  
 Forgave the guilty, every sorrow chased;  
 His love and sympathy were given to all  
 Who deign'd for love and sympathy to call;  
 The weary load of life he cheerful bore  
 That we might feel the ills of life no more.

Wept o'er the fate of that devoted race,  
Who madly still refused his proffer'd grace.

And what return did ~~man~~, ungrateful, make  
To him who bore such sorrow for his sake?  
Did they, adoring, own him for their king?  
Did grateful love a cheerful offering bring?  
Did lords, and priests, and kings in concord meet,  
And gladly lay their honours at his feet?  
Ah, no! the mighty sum of Israel's guilt  
Was not yet full—his blood must first be spilt.  
O my loved Lord, how could they bear to see  
Thy sorrows and thy tears—thy agony—  
Deserted by thy friends—beset by foes—  
Convulsed with anguish, while the deadly throes  
That heaved thy bosom made even angels weep,  
While thy disciples found repose in sleep?

What then he suffer'd man can never know,  
Suffice to say, he bore such weight of woe  
As would have sunk to hell's infernal gloom  
This guilty world, and ever seal'd the doom  
Of man, ungrateful man; but mighty love  
Determined now, despite of hell, to prove,  
That he was greater in his low estate,  
Than all that could oppose; and that the fate  
Of men and devils, too, were in his power,  
Proving himself their Lord in that dread hour.

Ah, who the mystery of that hour can know,  
 When all the hosts of hell leagued with the foe  
 (Who first seduced them madly to rebel,  
 And all involved in one wide ruin fell),  
 Blinded by rage, resolved once more to try  
 His powers against such dreaded majesty ;  
 While all alone the combat he maintain'd,  
 And singly and alone the conquest gain'd.  
 For us, for us, the battle there was fought—  
 The victory was achieved—salvation bought ;  
 Thou King—thou victim, freely didst thou give  
 Thyself to torture that thy foes might live ;  
 Oh! where the gratitude that should enflame  
 Our glowing bosoms, when we read His name  
 Inscribed above His bleeding brow, and see  
 Him in His last convulsive agony ?  
 Oh can we view the wondrous scene, nor be  
 Devoted, heart, and soul, and life to thee ?  
 Nor feel the power of language all too weak  
 Our wonder, love, and gratitude to speak.

And now was fill'd of guilt the mighty sum,  
 And Israel's doom was seal'd—the hour was come  
 When threaten'd vengeance would no more delay,  
 And woes on woes in terrible array,  
 A fiery legion, swept across the land,  
 Blasting, consuming all by God's command ;  
 Long, long predicted, and not one shall fail :  
 Vain their resistance—nothing can avail—

The earth and heaven ere long shall pass away  
 But who, or what, shall ere presume to stay  
 His threaten'd judgments when the hour arrives?  
 Creation's self shall fail, his word alone survives.

Ah ! what avails it that they once were blest.  
 How great the sum of benefits possessest,  
 That all that earth could give, or heaven bestow  
 In rich profusion, from above—below—  
 Freely, abundantly to them were given—  
 Dealt largely by the lavish hand of Heaven?  
 Those times are fled, and judgment has begun,  
 Thy day declines, and set thy brilliant sun—  
 Thy long career, thy glorious race is run,  
 Despised, forsaken, utterly undone.

Oh ! read thy prophets, and at last be wise  
 Pray that the veil be taken from thine eyes ;  
 With humble contrite spirit lowly bend  
 Before his footstool—thou hast yet a friend  
 Pleading his people's cause ; willing to be  
 On thy repentance reconciled to thee.  
 Some thousand years ago thy prophets told,  
 Inspired by Him, that what we now behold  
 Would surely come to pass. Oh ! believe,  
 And his sure testimony now receive ;  
 Say, has his promise ever fail'd in ought,  
 And wilt thou still for ever set at nought  
 His threatenings, and continue to endure  
 What thy repentance, and his love, would cure ?

He promised mercies, and he freely gave—  
 He threaten'd punishment, and who could save :  
 Extremes of good and ill have both been thine ;  
 In thee, alike, his truth and justice shine.

Say, why shouldst thou continue thus to roam,  
 Strangers and pilgrims from thy early home ?  
 'Tis time to think thee why is this delay,—  
 Has not the period long since pass'd away,  
 When your Messiah should to you appear ?  
 Thy fathers thought long since the time was near ;  
 And so it was, but they would not receive :  
 It must be so, for God could not deceive,  
 To the minutest point what He has will'd,  
 In the appointed time must be fulfill'd.

Thus saith thy prophet, " There shall be a day,  
 That watchmen shall arise and lead the way  
 To thy loved home once more, and grateful hymns  
 Shall echo yet again on Zion's hills.  
 Sing, Jacob, sing with gladness, for the Lord  
 Hath now fulfill'd his promise ; and his word  
 Speeds o'er the earth to distant lands away.—  
 Remnant of Israel, come, make no delay ;  
 The ransom'd of the Lord no more complain ;  
 The north gives up—the south cannot retain."  
 Hear, hear the word ! let every nation hear ;  
 A goodly company shall soon appear,  
 Returning to their long-deserted land ;  
 Troops upon troops, summon'd by his command ;

The rivers at his bidding shall be dry;  
 Thou shalt not stumble, for the Lord is nigh,  
 To be himself thy leader and thy guide:  
 His wrath is o'er; he will no longer chide;  
 The tears that dimm'd thine eyes are wiped away;  
 From a strong foe he bears away the prey;  
 And thou art rescued by a mighty hand,  
 Restored and planted in thy native land.

Thus saith the Lord, that bids the glorious sun  
 From year to year its brilliant circle run;  
 Which form'd the glowing stars to cheer the night,  
 With the mild lustre of a holy light;  
 Which makes the waves in wild disorder roar,  
 And beat resounding on the troubled shore;  
 If these shall fail, which I ordain to last,  
 Then will I ever from my presence cast  
 The seed of Israel.

Thus saith the Lord, if thou the heavens canst span—  
 If thou, all impotent and feeble man,  
 Canst search the deep foundations of the earth,  
 Or tell the wonders that are hid beneath,  
 Then will I cast away the chosen race,  
 And make them utter outcasts from my grace.

Oh that thy hour of mercy now were come,—  
 And soon it will, and thou be gather'd home;

For, lo ! thy night is fleeing fast away,  
 The morning breaks, and it will soon be day.  
 Israel again shall triumph and rejoice,  
 Mercy shall meet them with a soothing voice ;  
 " The wilderness shall blossom as the rose ;"  
 Pleasure succeed to pain,—for toil, repose ;  
 Earth shall rejoice to see thy joy once more,  
 And all mankind shall wonder and adore.  
 Gold shall no longer be a god to thee ;  
 From all thy sins and sufferings thou shalt be  
 For ever, by Messiah's love, set free.

Christians, rejoice, your brethren soon shall be  
 United in your glorious destiny,  
 Folded in one embrace, no more to sever,—  
 Join'd in one hope, one faith, one fold for ever !  
 Say, when shall Israel stray again ? Oh NEVER !

## ERRATA.

- Page 28, first line, read *sang* for *sung*.  
 — 34, tenth line, read *on* for *of*.  
 — — thirteenth line, read *fiend* for *friend*.  
 — 40, sixteenth line, read *gold* for *gods*.  
 — 44, twentieth line, read *fiends* for *friends*.  
 — 48, eleventh line, read *chose* for *choose*.





# NOTES.

---

Page 3.

*From Ur of Chaldee, &c.*

Genesis, chap. xi. and chap. xxii.

Page 7.

*But see in bondage now thy race appear.*

Exodus, chaps. i. and ii.

Page 11.

*But urged by furious passion yet to try.*

Exodus, chap. xiv.

Page 12.

*Now see descending in that pillar'd fire.*

Chap. xiv. verses 19, 20.

Page 14.

*Now travelling through the wilderness of Sin.*

Exodus, chap. xvi.

Page 14.

*See Sinai's top involved in smoke and flame.*

Exodus, chap. xix. 18th and following verses.

Page 15.

*Behold a cloud, &c.*

Exodus, chap. xix. 16th verse.

Page 16.

*Full forty days and nights.*

Exodus, chap. xxiv. verses 16, 17, 18.

*I am the Lord thy God supremely great.*

Exodus, chap. xx.

Page 18.

*Oh! who can tell the rapture Moses felt.*

Exodus, chap. xxxiii. verses 18, 19, and following; also chap. xxxiv. 6th, and following verses.

## Page 19.

*But hark ! the sounds of revelry that rise.*

Exodus, chap. xxxii. verse 15 and following.

## Page 21.

*And Moab's king by gold prepared to sway.*

Numbers, chaps. xxii. xxiii. xxiv.

## Page 28.

*Within the temple's sacred precincts he.*

Isaiah, chap. vi.

## Page 32.

*Sometimes in plaintive strains and accents mild.*

Ezekiel, chap. xvi.

## Page 36.

*Called it a lovely song, harmonious lay.*

Ezekiel, chap. xxxiii. verses 31, 32, 33.

*And to the queen of heaven an offering make.*

Jeremiah, chap. xlv. 15th and following verses.

*See the once favoured people captive led.*

Psalms cxxxvii.

## Page 39.

*Come to the Plains of Dura and behold.*

Daniel, chap. iii.

## Page 43.

*Behold the book of fate wide open stand.*

Daniel, chaps. vii. viii. ix. x. xi. and xii.

## Page 53.

*Thus saith thy prophet, There shall be a day.*

Jeremiah, chap. xxxi. 6th and following verses.

## Page 54.

*Thus saith the Lord, that bids the glorious sun.*

Jeremiah xxxi. 35th and following verses.



